Edw. But I would breake an hundred oathes to raigne one yeare.
Rich. And if it pleaſe your grace to giue me leaue,
Ile ſhew your grace the way to ſaue your oath.
And diſpoſſeſſe king *Henry* from the Crowne.
Yor. I prethee *Dick* let me heare thy deuiſe.
Rich. Then thus my Lord. An oath is of no moment
Being not ſworne before a lawfull Magiſtrate:
Henrie is none, but doth vſurpe your right,
And yet your grace ſtands bound to him by oath.
Then noble father reſolue your ſelfe,
And once more claime the Crowne,
Yor. I, ſaieſt thou ſo boy? why then it ſhall be ſo,
I am reſolued to win the crowne or die.
Edward, thou ſhalt to *Edmond Brooke* Lord *Cobham*,
With whom the *Kentiſhmen* will willingly riſe:
Thou coſen *Montague*, ſhalt to *Norfolke* ſtraight,
And bid the Duke to muſter vp his ſouldiers,
And come to me to *Wakefield* preſently.
And *Richard*, thou to *London* ſtraight ſhalt poaſt,
And bid *Richard Neuill* Earle of *Warwicke*
To leaue the Citie; and with his men of war,
To meet me at ſaint *Albons*, ten daies hence,
My ſelfe heere in *Sandall* caſtle will prouide
Both men and money to further our attempts.
Now what newes? *Enter a Meſſenger.*
Meſ. My Lord, the *Queene* with thirtie thowſand men,
Accompanied with the Earles of *Cumberland*,
Northumberland, and *Weſtmerland*, and others of the
Houſe of *Lancaſter*, are marching towards *Wakefield*,
To beſiedge you in your Caſtle heere.

Enter Sir John and Sir Hugh Mortimer,

Yorke. A Gods name let them come. Couſen *Montague* poaſt you hence; and boies, ſtay you with me.

Sir *John* and Sir *Hugh Mortimers* mine vncles,
Y'are welcome to *Sandall* in an happy houre,
The armie of the Queene means to beſiedge vs.

Sir

Sir John. She ſhal not ne
Yor. What with fiue tho
Rich. I father, with fiue h
A woman's generall, wha
Yor. Indeed many brau
In *Normandy*, when as the
Hath bin ten to one: and
Of the like ſucceſſe? I am r
Edw. Lets martch away

Alarmes, and
Rutla

Tutor. Oh flie my Lord
And flie to *Wakefield* ſtraig
Ent
Rut. O Tutor looke v
Clif. Chaplin awaie, th
As for the brat of that acc
Whoſe father ſlew my fat
Tutor. Oh *Clifford* ſpar
Reuenge it on thy head:
Clif. Souldiers awaie, a
Awaie with the villaine.
How now, what dead alr
Makes him cloſe his eies
Rut. So lookes the pen
And ſo he walkes inſultin
And ſo he turnes againe t
Oh *Clifford*, kill me with t
Not with ſuch a cruell th
I am to meane a ſubiect
Be thou reuengd on men
Clif. In vaine thou ſpea
Hath ſtopt the paſſage w
Rut. Then let my fath
He is a man and *Clifford*,
Clif. Had I thy Brethr
Were not reuenge ſuffici